

THE CRIPPLED SHIP LIMPS IN

JOYOUS WELCOME TO THE WEAR
FOYAGERS OF THE LONG BE-
LATED UMBRIA.

The Story of the Breakdown and of the Big Cunarder's Subsequent Experiences Graphically Told by a Sun Reporter, who was One of Her Passengers—His Most Remarkable Incident Her Apparent Desertion by Her Sister Ship, the Gallia

she broke her shaft on Friday, Dec. 2, and drifted about in the storm all night pouring oil on the turbulent waves, but not sending up as many rockets as George Kearny would have liked—picked up on Saturday by the *Bohemia* off the Newfoundland Banks and towed thirty-five miles toward New York—lost the German in the snow storm that night—Wilson Lake steamer sighted on Christmas Day, too short of coal to stop—The Manhattan turned away on the Galilea—A week later, Dec. 10, 1912.

The Cunard steamship Umbria finished yesterday morning at her pier, amid the hail-farious cheers of her passengers and a multitude of their anxious friends and relatives, the longest voyage in her history. The first news of her mishap was brought to the city just after dawn, and a few hours later we read eagerly in an extra *Star* and flashed every part of an exacting contingent and

England. It was THE SUX's own tug, the Yorburch, that bore the joyous tidings from Umbria, which anchored off Scotland last night at 3:15 A. M. Mr. Frank White, formerly London correspondent of THE SUX, was a passenger on the Cunarder and he had a graphic story ready for THE SUX's able young navigator when he climbed aboard. Mr. White's story will be found below.

The Umbria steamed out of Queenstown harbor and passed Fastnet on her trip higher up the coast, and at 5:20 on the afternoon of Dec. 18, THE SUX was off the coast of Ireland, and overcast and a fresh breeze came out of the

HOW THE SHAFT WAS REPAIRED.

The instant officer on the bridge was notified by the ship's crew that there was a fire in the steel. Chief Engineer Lawrence Tinsion was notified of the discovery, and went below, where, after quick examination, he saw the shaft signalled to the bridge that the engines would be stopped.

The instant officer on the bridge received and responded to the signal from the propeller. He noted and wonder if the ship was in danger. She had been plunging ahead at full speed for some time before the fall came. The ship was full of men, and it was a great relief to see her stop.

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was the Umbria might not have steamed triumphantly into this port. The thrashers of a broken end of the shaft might have smashed a hole in her bottom.

CHIEF ENGINEER TOMLINSON.

How the ingenious chief engineer and patient and plucky assistants mended the shaft will be told further on. During the hours of their work the Hamburg-America steamship Bohemia, eastward bound, was pitching through the seas, and Capt. Mehnert signalled to her for assistance. The probability of getting a steel towing hawser to the Bohemia was a troublesome one. An effort was made to shoot a line across her from the

good marksmen, and after a few shots this plan was abandoned. A boat's crew man, who had been ordered to follow the line to which a thick rope hawser was fastened to the Bohemia. The steel hawser was fastened to the rope hawser and dragged about 100 feet from the boat. The tugboat was in the teeth of a snow-permeated blizzard with the Cunarder in tow. The snow was blowing through the funnel, and the tugboat was invisible from the public barge. After the hawser snapped the Bohemia disappeared in the darkness. That was the last she was ever seen. The next day many of the Umbria's passengers had gone to bed. They slept through the night serenely unconscious of the accident.

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